

BASKET'N BUNS

"YOU CAN'T
REEL IN THE
PLEASURE
THAT YOU'VE
BEEN SITTING
ON."

"MY FIRST
ASS FUCK
WASN'T THE
BEST - BUT
IT WAS A
BEGINNING
FOR ME."

"I WAS
SITTING
ON THE
BENCH, AND
HE WAS
STANDING
NEXT TO ME."

"I WAS
SITTING
ON THE
BENCH, AND
HE WAS
STANDING
NEXT TO ME."



"IT SPURTED
INSIDE ME
MAKING ME
QUAKE WITH
ORGASMS."

"I LOVE THE
WAY A COCK
THROBS
BEFORE IT
SQUIRTS
IT'S LOAD."

"HE WAS
FUCKING INTO
MY ASS AND
BABBLING
WITH ME."

BASKET 'N BUNS



BASKET 'N BUNS NUMBER ONE

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Chance Meeting

As we guys of the homo sexual persuasion know, life for us can be a real drag—just as it can be for our straight friends who think they understand us—but sure haven't got the same invites to really track where we're at. Like, they're something other than we are—which is cool because naturally there's different strokes for different folks. Like some macho dudes like to say all the time, while I try not to throw up over the dumbness of the remark, right? But making those drags days bearable is the fact that you never know when something good enters your life—and aas—when you least expect it. Like just the other morning—and a dear friend of mine took the pictures you see to prove it.

There I was, staring out the window of my house while I noticed this really far out funk of men prancing with his thumb out.

The minute I layed eyes on him, I knew I wanted my hands and my mouth on him, too. Not to mention several other things, like my cunt or that tight ass of his, as well as in my mouth.





**"The moment I saw
him I wanted my
hands and my mouth
on his taut body!"**







Like now. I was really turned on watching him standing there, hitch hiking!

I had planned to lay around on my outdoor hammock, but now an even better plan occurred.

Like meeting a new, hairy, dog?

I sauntered out, like I was checking the mailbox you know? And you can guess I got into a little friendly conversation with this gorgeous dude.

Friendly perversion is more like it. He was hitch hiking through town down from San Francisco, he said. I wanted him down from my mouth to my cock! Not to mention plans of obtaining the

goods...



"His name was Bruce, and I knew he'd be juicy all over..."









I invited him, he said his name was Bruce, to take maybe a little break at my place—and since I was driving to the other side of town in a few hours—maybe he wouldn't mind waiting.

I suggested a drink, but the action started right on the hammock before we even got into the house.

I gave Bruce the Bulldozer

Gum Surprise, always willing to share. He responded like a dream, making me realize he was perhaps no stranger to our pleasures. Sexual at the very least.

Our hands and mouths were all over each other as we aired our respective—and rampant cocks; each of us giving tit for tat, and who needs tit?

Jesus but the hard smoothness of his prick felt good. Like hot, hard steel, he was that hard. I didn't know whether to fuck him or suck him first, he had me so turned on by the sweetness of him. He had the same problem as our hands in turn, and our mouths, rained each other's bodies.

My friend with the camera couldn't keep up with our action, it was so fast and furious—so natural. That's why some of that action is missing—but not from my memory!











My bubble-gum surprise for him was blowing a bubble of it on his beautiful cock, swirling it around the red, bulbous knob as his prick throbbed against my mouth—and then popping it off with my flicking, swirling tongue. He shot a load of cum into my mouth that furly bubbled with heat as it slid down my sucking throat. The feel of his warm balls in my hands and against my clit made me feel I was in a world of total complacency.









He grasped out his
 pleasure in half masked
 sneaks, coming com-
 pletely as I soaked and
 jacked him to yet another
 spurt of his precious
 nectar.
 I could feel his hands—
 hands of gratitude and
 appreciation begin to
 work their magic upon
 my own body as his rack-
 ing release throated
 through him, causing him
 to shudder and tremble
 as though he were com-
 ing apart at the seams



**"I could feel the
smooth, warm beauty
of his balls as they
filled my hand."**

He was. I had a feeling of
power and near Godli-
ness go through me be-
cause nothing seemed
more natural than this
meeting between the two
of us—and this act we
shared.

What the neighbors
might all thought—who
gives a fuck?
Even though his cum
spurted for what seemed
to be long moments,
as I performed my eager
ministrations to his
beautiful prong, he never-
theless had that basic
sense of far play that so
many of us have, and that
is still too lacking in the
world.

Yes, he didn't even want
to rest until he returned
the same pleasures to me.
He gently eased me out of
what clothing obstruc-
tions stood in his way,
and I was fully exposed
now to his own loving
eyes, and his dramatic
touch.

His breath was hot,
his tongue was like a
power surged electrode
as it trailed over my
body in a line that could
lead only to total ecstasy,
certainly for myself, and
doubtlessly for him....
It seemed to my straining
body that even the
hemlock was giving
groans of sexual pleasure
in response to this high-
charged passion the two
of us shared.









**"The hardness of his
cock took my breath
away—as it slid into
my mouth."**











BAJ L
UMER R
15



And now his mouth full
wrote upon me. suddenly
rose fully into the white
pink heat of his mouth
his tongue was a dancer
on the slippery surface
of my cock as it lapped
and slithered like a
warmblooded reptile
leaving and closing
to what must have been
the most fulfilling climax
of my life.

Perhaps the spontaneity
of it had its effect. I don't
know. But I do know that
when I felt my cock begin
to spew forth yet after
yet of my cum. It was like
paying tribute to the God
of erotic love.

My dream surged with
his gulping throat as
recoiled out my release,
feeling his hands clutch-
ing and kneading my
whirling ass.

It was long moments
before our breathing re-
turned to normal. before
we had legs steady
enough to make it into
the house. like both knew
he would probably have
a long stay before rolling
the other side of town.
And inside the house, in
a less feverish, more
gentle and appreciative
fashion, again we began
to explore the delights of
each other.

Once more our cocks
became rampant swords
fighting for the sexual
release we craved for
each other.

His arch was again alive
and pulsing, thrusting
into my mouth. my every
where. his was mine any
different.



There was a sexual chemistry that was total completeness as again and again our cum surged against each other—and we found completeness for each of us had what the other needed.

It was a hard cum, only because of the natural hardness of our cocks for each other. Other than that, it was perhaps the easiest cum I'd ever experienced. Maybe because of the naturalness that is involved when two homosexuals such as us finally find each other.

A new peace seemed to seep into my world seeping into my mind because I now knew that I was not alone.

Bruce knew it too, and shared my feelings, just as he shared my body to make his own have a greater sense of completeness.

Maybe that is what homosexual sexuality is all about. One thing for sure, I don't think there is any danger of the world having too much of it.

We should all love our fellow man. The trouble is, too many of them are from the world of the "straight," and don't really understand what a beautiful thing homosexual sexuality is when put into practice.





